

WITH ONE LOVE IT WAS THINGS THAT GROW THAT FLOWER
UP LIKE CREAM IN THOSE OLD GLASS

bottles that I'll remember
another by things we'd eat
or didn't and I'm not the only
one who'll remember him that
way I saw letters from several
he chewed and digested some
times he'd eat to the point
of pain Now I'm good with
my teeth and tongue but I could
never keep up with him those

huge bowls of antipasto in
Buffalo when he didn't want to
look up from his plate cannoles
in Toledo cock sized stuffed
with the sweetest cream huge bloody
marys when I missed my plane
on purpose to stay and eat
praline ice cream lie
on the blue spread he fed
me margaritas his mouth still
full of her black frizzy hair

chicken livers borscht in bed
ropes of spaghetti to pull
me in from the east until
Chicago where there was no
thing to eat he sneaked out
for secret brunches and
came back drunk while I
scraped the filling from
stale vanilla and strawberry
waffle wafers knowing there
was nothing there I could swallow

ONE STOP SHOP CONVENIENCE MADONNA

She's open any
time of the night
lets you in gets
you out in minutes
No frills but she
has what you need

UNASSESSED MADONNA

becomes more expensive
knowing her true value